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in English fashion. In any case the coincidence, if it be no more, is very curious.

It is worth noting in this connection that the original Peter Piper, though a true Catholic, is quite unconsciously heathen at times. Thus he gives us the old Roman Etruscan prescription included as a magical cure by Jacob Grimm (from Marcellus) of applying a live cat to the stomach to ease pain ; and declares that *inter sacra amuleta* are to be included "gold, incense, myrrh, rue, hypericon, and blessed grains," all of which, like the cat, were pre-Christian, and with it are still known as excellent charms and sorceries in Tuscany.

Charles G. Leland.

FLORENCE, October 24, 1890.

"ANGLO-CYMRIC SCORE" (vol. iii. p. 71). — A correspondent furnishes an example of this score as used in Rhode Island : —

Having accidentally come across the number of the Journal for January-March, 1890, I noticed a "counting-out rhyme," which possesses a special interest for me, as being one of my earliest recollections.

This score or enumeration, as used in the Rhode Island village where I first heard it, differs slightly from that given in the Journal, being as follows : —

"Een, teen, teddery, peddery, satter, latter, doe, dommy, an, dick ; een-dick, teen-dick, teddery-dick, peddery-dick, bimpin ; een-bimpin, teen-bimpin, teddery-bimpin, peddery-bimpin, jiggetts."

The above rhyme or jargon was introduced into the school by an English boy, who said that at that time (about 1870) it was the one commonly used in "counting-out" games in Sheffield.

Frank P. Stockbridge.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOLK-LORE JOTTINGS FROM ROCKHAVEN, D. C. — An Owl Dialogue, as overheard by a belated colored girl of Fairfax County, Va. : —

He Owl. Who, who, who are you ?

She Owl. Who, who, who are you ?

He Owl. Who, who, who are you ?

Rough-shod, shoe-boot,

Chicken soup so good,

Who cooks for we-all ?

She Owl. Who, who, who are you ?

I cooks for myself ;

You cooks for yourself ;

Who cooks for we-all ?

He Owl. Who, who, who are you ?

She Owl. Who, who, who are you ?

Chorus of Little Owls. Who, who, who are you ?

Down near the Maryland seacoast this summer I learned that the kildeer plover is, or has been, regarded as having some occult relation with the weather. His cry of "Kildee, kildee !" is said to call up the wind ; while to kill him — it was held aforetime — would awaken a violent storm.

There is more variety in District of Columbia phantoms than I had supposed. I bought two old setter "ghosses" with my place near Georgetown, and although they have not been gracious to the newcomer, so that I know nothing of them at first hand, I am well posted by hearsay testimony.

One is, or seems to be, a yellow dog, who hunts by night the half-open valley beyond the screen of woods below the house. It is thought by some to be the spectre of an unlucky negro woman, who broke her neck long time ago by falling out of an apple-tree, now as effectually vanished as her bodily self; though why she should choose to appear in that eccentric and ungodly guise may be one of those secrets which "ghosses" only can tell.

The other is even more preposterous and unaccountable. No one, so far as I know, has been able to identify him (her, it) or explain his origin. But if, passing along the road at dusk, or in faint moonlight, you chance to espy, at the foot of a certain white-shafted old cedar-tree, a dark, shapeless Bundle, by all means have a care of yourself; the Unearthly One is before you. If you draw nearer, it may melt out of vision, as indeed it has done before; but again there is no telling what else it may do.

Perhaps there is some old story behind this, which time has worn away till we have only the ungainly superstition that I record here. This is the more likely from the age of the tree, which appears as a landmark and already a relic of old time in my neighbor's plotted survey dated 1804. Nearly back of it, where a ledge of rock elbows its way out of the hillside, there formerly stood a dwelling, but when, or whose, I have not been able to learn. There is not the least trace of it remaining; only the bare memory. House-site and landmark tree and ghost are all a double bow-shot from me to-night over the open land. Perhaps it is as well. That Bundle would be an awkward guest for a quiet and fairly human study. Probably he is more at home in the outer blackness and marrow-chilling rain.

But if he *should* come, I am forearmed by that expert in the occult and the ghostly who undertakes the concoction of our meals. This is the same witchly maiden who played eavesdropper to the owls. Not every one "kin see ghosses," but she "*kin*." More, she has talked with them, and knows the one golden rule of such converse. Whatever you have to say must be said in one breath. That's the rule with "ghosses." If you so much as gasp, or make the least indrawing through the lips, your slippery companion is gone forever.

You must be careful, also, to say nothing that may hurt his feelings, for "ghosses" are very susceptible. Being once joined and escorted along the road by a dead man, who had become unreasonably bloated in life and even more after death, she mentioned carelessly this personal defect, with no doubt a little African snigger of amusement over the memory. "Laws, Mr. Jones, you jes' certainly did look *big* when you was laid out — te-he!" or something in that way. Whereat the irate supernatural being took to swelling again before her frightened eyes, until his bulk had exceeded all enduring, and he exploded and was gone.

I do not know how much of this, and more that goes with it, is merely individual creation, but am inclined to believe that the traditional element

is much greater. The girl is sane enough, and in matters of moment, so far as tested, fair-dealing and truthful. Probably she would not be above the pleasure of exciting wonder by invention, which every romancer shares with her ; but whether the great exploder be a voluntary or involuntary work of fancy, that fancy must have been guided by what she had already heard from her elders. In this way, however explained, the story becomes a folk-lore document from beyond the river.

As to the dog-spirit and the phantom bundle, whatever their origin, I do not learn of them through negro informants. I have rather avoided inquiries in that quarter, being unwilling to plant such notions near home, in minds where they may not exist already.

William H. Babcock.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE HOBYAHS : A SCOTCH NURSERY TALE. — When a child, I used to hear the following story told in a Scotch family that came from the vicinity of Perth. Whether the story came with the family I am unable to say. I have spelled the word "Hobyah" as it was pronounced.

The effectiveness of the story lies in a certain sepulchral monotone in rendering the cry of the Hobyah, and his terrible "look me."

S. V. Proudfit.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Once there was an old man and woman and a little girl, and they all lived in a house made of hempstalks. Now the old man had a little dog named Turpie ; and one night the Hobyahs came and said, "Hobyah ! Hobyah ! Hobyah ! Tear down the hempstalks, eat up the old man and woman, and carry off the little girl !" But little dog Turpie barked so that the Hobyahs ran off ; and the old man said, "Little dog Turpie barks so that I cannot sleep nor slumber, and if I live till morning I will cut off his tail." So in the morning the old man cut off little dog Turpie's tail.

The next night the Hobyahs came again, and said, "Hobyah ! Hobyah ! Hobyah ! Tear down the hempstalks, eat up the old man and woman, and carry off the little girl !" But little dog Turpie barked so that the Hobyahs ran off ; and the old man said, "Little dog Turpie barks so that I cannot sleep nor slumber, and if I live till morning I will cut off one of his legs." So in the morning the old man cut off one of little dog Turpie's legs.

The next night the Hobyahs came again, and said, "Hobyah ! Hobyah ! Hobyah ! Tear down the hempstalks, eat up the old man and woman, and carry off the little girl !" But little dog Turpie barked so that the Hobyahs ran off ; and the old man said, "Little dog Turpie barks so that I cannot sleep nor slumber, and if I live till morning I will cut off another of his legs." So in the morning the old man cut off another of little dog Turpie's legs.

The next night the Hobyahs came again and said, "Hobyah ! Hobyah ! Hobyah ! Tear down the hempstalks, eat up the old man and woman, and carry off the little girl." But little dog Turpie barked so that